THE HISTORIE OF ARBASTO King of Denmarke.

Describing the Anatomy of Fortune, in his loue to faire *Doralicia*.

VVherein Gentlemen may find pleasant conceits to purge melancholy, and perfect counsell to preuent mis-fortune.

By *Robert Greene* Master of Art.

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit vtile dulci.

Whereunto is added a louely Poem of *Pyramus* and *Thisbe*.

LONDON,
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To the Right Honourable and Vertuous Ladie, the Ladie *Mary Talbot*, wife to the Right Honourable, *Gilbert*, Lord *Talbot*: *Robert Greene*, wisheth increase of Honour and Vertue.

MYRON, *that vnskilfull Painter of Greece, neuer drew any picture, but the counterfait of* Iupiter: *saying, that if it were ill wrought, his worthinesse should countenance out the meanesse of his worke, if well, commend the perfection of his Art.*

In like manner fareth it with me (right Honourable) *who hauing vnskilfully shadowed with bad colours, the counterfait of Fortune, presume boldly to shrowd it vnder your Ladiships patronage, as able to defend it, be it neuer so meane, and to countenance it, were it neuer so good. Thus hopefull of your Ladiships exceptance, I remaine,*

The vnfained honourer, and admirer of your Noble perfections,

Robert Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers, health.

Alexander, whether wearied with *Bucephalus* pace, or desirous of nouelties, as the nature of man delighteth in change, rode on a time on *Hephestions* horse, for which being reprehended by one of his Captaines, he made him this answere: Though all (quoth he) cannot haue *Bucephalus* courage, yet this is a horse.

So Gentlemen, if some too curious carpe at your curtesie, that vouchsafe to take a view of this Pamphlet, I hope you will answere: Though it be not excellent, yet it is a Booke.

Yours for a greater curtesie,

The Contence of this History.

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The

THE HISTORIE
of *Arbaſto*, with the Anatomy *of Fortune*.

CHAP. I.

Arbaſto is diſcouered in his retyred life by the Traueller.

AFter an vntoward iourney and ſeuerall infortunate tempeſts, beſides the vnskilfulneſſe of our Pilote, I happily arriued at the Citty of Sydon, where being ſet on ſhore, I ſtraight with my companions went to offer incenſe to the goddeſſe of Proſperity, which in the Citizens call Araſte. Whether being come, my deuotion done, and my oblations preſented, deſired to take a vew of the ancient Monuments of the Temple, I paſſed through many places, where moſt ſumptuous ſepulchers were erected: which hauing ſeene, as I thought to haue gone to my lodging, I ſpied a Cell, hauing the dore open: whereinto as I entred, I ſaw an Archflamin ſitting (as I ſuppoſed) at his Orizons, for ſo was the Prieſt of the goddeſſe termed, who being cloathed in white Sattin Robes, and crowned with a Diadem of perfect gold, leaned his head vpon his right hand, powring forth ſtreames of teares, as outward ſignes of ſome inward paſſions, and held in his left hand the counterfeit of Fortune, which with one foot trode vpon a Polype fiſh, and with the other on a Camelion, as aſſured badges of her mutability. Driuen into a dumpe with the ſight of this ſtrange deuice, as I long gazed at the vnacquainted geſture of this old Flamin, willing to know both the cauſe of his care: and what the picture of Fortune did import, I was ſo bold to wake him out of his paſſion, with this parle.

Father (quoth I) if my preſumption bee great in preaſing ſo raſhly into ſo ſecret and ſacred a place: yet I hope, weighing my will, you will ſomewhat excuſe my boldneſſe, for I haue not preſu-

med as thinking to giue any iust occasion of offence, but as a stranger, desirous to sée the Monuments of this ancient Temple, which as I narrowly viewed, happening by chance into this your Cell, and séeing your old age perplexed with strange passions, stayed as one willing to learne what disaster hath driuen you into these dumps, which if I without offence may request, and you without preiudice graunt, I shall finde my selfe by duty bound to requite your vndeserued curtesie.

After I had vttered these words, staying a good space to heare what the old man would answer, seeing he did not so much as vouchsafe to giue an eare to my pearle, or an eye to my person, but still gazed on the picture of Fortune. I saw a present Metamorphosis of his actions: for from teares he fell to trifling, from lowring to laughing, from mourning to mirth, yet neuer casting his eyes from Fortunes counterfeit, till at last after he had long smiled (as I thought) at the picture, hee as in despite cast it from him, and taking his Lute, played a dumpe, whereto he warbled out these words,

WHereat erewhile I wept, I laugh,
That which I feard, I now despise
My victoronce, my vassaile is,
My foe constrained, my weale supplies.
Thus doe I triumph on my foe,
I weepe at weale, I laugh at woe.

My care is cur'd, yet hath no end,
Not that I want, but that I haue,
My charge was change, yet still I stay,
I would haue lesse, and yet I craue:
Aye me poore wretch that thus doe liue,
Constraind to take, yet fore'd to giue.

Shee whose delights are signes of death,
Who when she smiles, begins to lowre:
Constant in this, that still she change,
Her sweetest gifts time proues but sowre,
I liue in care, crost with her guile,
Through her I weepe, at her I smile,

The

The graue Priest hauing with sighes sobbed out this sorrowfull ditty, I was driuen into a maze what the contrary contents of these verses should meane, vntill at last casting his eye aside, and séeing me stand so solemnely, hee burst forth into these cholericke termes.

Friend, quoth hee (if I may so terme thee) thou hast either not heard much, or learned very little, either thy curtesie is small, or thy conditions too currish, that séekest to come to counsell before thou be called. If the secrecy of my Cell, or the reuerence of my age, or thy small acquaintance with me, were not sufficient to hold thee from pressing so nigh: yet seeing me thus perplexed, chou mightest (for modesty sake) haue left me to my secret and sorrowfull passions. If it be the custōe of thy Country to be so discourteous, I like not the fruit of such a soyle: If thy owne folly to be thus rash, I craue not to be acquainted with such a bold guest: but whether it be or no, as thou camest in without my leaue, I wish thée to goe out by iust command.

He had no sooner vttered these words, but he was ready to take vp the picture, if I had not hindred him with this reply.

Sir, where the offence is confessed, there the fault is halfe pardoned, and those facts that are committed by ignorance, alwaies claime remission by course: I graunt that I haue béene much too rash, but I repent, and therefore hope you will take the lesse offence, and the sooner excuse my folly: faults committed by will, gayne oft times but a checke, then mine done by ignorance, shall I hope escape without a mate. Penalties are inioyned by the intent more then by the worke, and things done amisse (sayth Tully) euer ought to be measured by the passion, and not by the méere action. Which considered, if my presence hath beene preiudiciall to your reposenesse, I hope you will thinke I offended as a stranger, and wil pardon me, as one sorry for so rash an enterprise.

The old man very attentiuely hearing my talke, hauing somewhat digested his choller, rising vp from his seate, made mee this friendly answere.

Friend (quoth he) all is not gold that glisters, the smoothest talke hath oft times the smalest truth: the Sunne when it glistereth most bright, breedeth the greatest shoure. The Painter casteth the fairest colour ouer the foulest boord, and strangers flatterings are oft times but méere deceits: yet whether thy talke bee truth or tales, whether thou commest to note my passions as a spy, or hast by chance hit into my Cell as a stranger, I care not: for if thou enuy me as a foe, I

feare

feare not the spite of Fortune: if thou muse at my sudden motions, it shall little auayle thee to heare it, and be a great griefe for me to rehearse it.

O (quoth I) if my credit might be such as without desert to obtaine so much fauour, or if the prayer of a poore stranger might preuaile to perswade you to vnfold the cause of these your sudden passions, I should thinke my former trauels countervailed with this your friendly curtesie.

It is good indeed (quoth he) by other mens harmes to learne to beware: Phœbus had neuer beene so wary of Vulcane, if Mars his mishap had not bid him take heed: Vlysses had not so wisely eschewed Circes charmes, if had not seene before his followers transformed, & perhaps the hearing of my former cares may free thee from ensuing calamity.

I haue beene my selfe a Prince, which am now subiect vnto power: alate a mighty Potentate, & now constrayned to liue vnder a seruile law: not contented erewhile with a kingly Palace, now sufficiently satisfied with a poore Cell, and yet this present want exceeds my wonted weale. I then had too much in penury, and now I lacke in superfluitie, being cloyed with abundance, yet hauing nothing, in that my minde remaineth vnsatisfied. Fortune, yea Fortune in fauouring me, hath made me most infortunate. Syren-like hiding vnder musick miserie, vnder pleasure paine, vnder mirth mourning like the sugred Honicombe, which while a man toucheth bee is stung with Bées: See presenteth faire shapes, which proue but fading shadowes, she proffereth mountaines, and perhaps keepeth promise, but the gaines of these golden Mines is losse & misery. None rode on Seianus horse which got not mishap. None toucht the gold of Tholosa, whom some disaster did not assaile: neither hath any beene aduanced by fortune, which in time hath not beene crossed with some hapelesse calamitie. I speake this by experience, which I pray the Gods thou neuer try by proofe: for he onely is to be thought happy, whom the vnconstant fauour of Fortune hath not made vnhappy. The Picture which thou seest heere, is the perfect counterfait of her inconstant conditions, for she like to the Polype Fish, turne her selfe into euery object, and with the Camelion taketh her whole delight in change, being sure in nothing but in this, that shee is not sure at all. Which inconstancy after I had known by too much proofe, I began to arme my selfe against her guiles, and to count her fauning flattery, and her frownes of no force, not to accept her as a friend, but to dispise her as a foe, and in

despight

despight of her fained deity, to oppose my selfe against her fickle power, which I haue found the greatest shield to shrowde me from her secret iniuries. I haue left my Palace, and taken me a simple Cell, in the one I found often displeasure, but in the other neuer but contentation. From a Prince of the earth, I am become a Priest to the Gods, seeking onely by this obscure life to please my selfe, and displease Fortune: whose picture when I see, I weep, that I was so fond, as to be subiect to such a seruile Dame, and I laugh, that at last I triumph both ouer mine owne affections, & ouer Fortune. Th[illegible]iend, since thou hast heard the cause of my care, cease off to en[illegible]e farther in the case, passe from my Cell, and leaue me to my passions, for to procure my griefe, and not my gaine, were to offer me double losse. After he had vttered these words, perceiuing by his parle that he was a Prince, I began with more reuerence to excuse my rashnesse, framing my talke to this effect.

I am sorry (quoth I) if sorrow might be amends for that which is amisse, that my hasty folly hath offended your highnesse: and that my poore presence hath béene preiudiciall to your princely passions, but since the fault once committed may be repented, but not reclaimed, I hope your highnesse will pardon my vnwitting wilfulnesse, and take, had I wist, for an excuse of so sudden an offence, which granted, the desire I haue to heare of your strange hap, doth make me passe manners, in being importunate with your Maiesty, to heare the tragicall chance of this your strange change.

Well (quoth he) since thy desire is such, and time allowes me conuenient leisure, sit downe, and thou shalt heare what trust there is to be giuen to inconstant Fortune.

CHAP. II.

Arbasto relateth his Story and discouereth himselfe.

VNtill I wart weary of my Diademe, I was King of the famous Country of Denmarke, wherein, after Bosphorus deceased, (for so was my father called) I raigned in happy prosperitie, comming to the Crowne at the age of one and twentie yéeres, being so honoured of my subiects for my vertue, and so loued for my curtesie, as I did not onely gaine the hearts of them, but also wan the good will of strangers. I could not complaine of lacke, in that my greatest want was store. I feared not the force of forrain foes, for I knew none but were my faithfull friends, I doubted no mis-fortune, for I could see no way for me to mishap: nay, if I had béene wise, I might the more

haue feared misery, in that I was so fully pampered vp with felicitie. But I poore wretch was not daunted with any dread, because I saw no present danger: I thought the sea being calme, there could come no tempest: that from the cleere ayre could insue no storme, that quiet ease was not the mother of dissention, and that where Fortune once tuned, in the strings could neuer be found any discord.

But [illegible] and infortunate Arbasto (for so I may be called:) thou now h[illegible] though by haplesse experience, that when Nilus filleth vp his [illegible] ensueth a dearth: whē the Angelica is laden with most seed [illegible] when musick was heard in the capitol, then the Romans were plagued with pestilence: when Circes preferred most gifts, shee pr[illegible] most guile, and when Fortune hath deprived thee of most care, [illegible]n she meanes to drowne thee in the greatest calamitie. For as thus I safely floated in the seas of securitie, and bathed in the [illegible]ames of blisse, Fortune, thinking at length to giue me the mate, began thus to proffer tho checke. I had but one onely brother called Tebaldo, whom forced by nature, I most intirely loued and liked, who soiourned in Fraunce, as one desirous to see the manners of strange Countries, and to furnish himselfe with all qualities fit for a worthy Gentleman. But on a sudden I happily receiued newes, that he was cowardly without cause slaine in the Court, which so appalled me, as nature most cruelly exclaimed against fortune, in so much, that contrary to the counsell of my Nobles, with a resolute minde, I determined to inuade Fraunce, and either to bring the whole Realme to ruine, in reuenge, or else to hazard life & limme in the battell: well, no perswasion being able to driue me from this setled determination, I caused my Sips to be rigged, and with as much speed as might be, sailed into Fraunce with a great Nauie, where I had no sooner landed my souldiers, but as a professed foe, crauing no other recompence for my brothers death but their destruction, I burnt their borders, fired their forts, rased their Townes and Citties to the earth, vsing no mercy but this, that hauing deprived them of their possessions, I also bereaued them of their liues. Pelorus hearing with what violence I had inuaded his land (for so the french King was called) fearing that he was not able to withstand my force, seeing that Fortune so fauoured my enterprise, passed seedily with his whole host vnto Orleance, whether I hasted being not greatly resisted, laying valiantly a strong siege to the Citty, which after I had diuers times assaulted, and so shaken the walles with Cānon shot, that they were forced to strengthen them with new counter-mures, Pelorus halfe daunted with my

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desperate attempts, counted secretly to conclude a peace: to colour therefore this his intent with a false shadow, he speedily dispatched an Herald, to intreate a truce for three moneths, which being unhappily graunted, & therefore unhappily because granted, it was lawfull for them of Denmarke peaceably to passe into the Citty, and for them of Orleance quietly to come into our Campe. While thus the truce continued, I being desirous to take a view of the French Court, accompanied with my Nobles, went to Pelorus, who willing to shew his martial courage by using curtesie to his foe, gaue me very sumptuous and curteous entertainement. But alas such mischeefe ensued of this my fond desire, that death had béene thrice more welcome then such distresse. For Pelorus had onely two daughters, the eldest called Myrania, the youngest named Doralicia, so faire and well featured, as Venus would haue béene iealous if Adonis had liued to sée their beauties. But especially lonely Doralicia, and therefore more lonely, because I so intirely loued her: For shée was so beautified with the gifts of nature, and adorned with more then earthly perfection, as shée séemed to be framed by nature to blemish nature, and that beauty had skipt beyond her skill, in framing a péece of such curious workemanship, for that which in her (respecting her other perfections) was of no price, would bee counted in others a pearle, her greatest want would in others be thought a float, so that if any thing lacked in her, is was not to be sought for in any earthly creature. This Doralicia being appoynted by vniust fortune to bee the instrument of my fall, accompanied with her sister Myrania & other Ladies, came into the Chamber where her Father and I was at parle, whose gorgious presence so appalled my sences, that I stood astonished, as if with Perseus shield I had béene made a senceless picture. For as the Dormouse cannot shut her eyes as long as shée lyeth in the beames of the Sun, as the Deere cannot cease from brayng where the Hearbe Poly groweth, so could not I but stare on the face of Doralicia, as long as her beauty was such an heauenly obiect. Shee narrowly marking my gazing lookes, straight perceiued that I was galled, and therefore to shew how lightly shée accounted of my liking, passed out of the Chamber with a coy and Courtly countenance, but Myrania as one perceiuing & pittying my passions, séemed with her lookes to say in her heart, Arbasto, farewell.

These two Goddesses being gone, séeling my mind some what perplexed, I take my leaue of Pelorus, and departed. Comming home to my Tent, fraught with a thousand toyish fancies, I beganne to

coniecture what should be the cause of these contrary motiõs, the effect I felt, the occasion I could not finde, applying therefore a contrary salue to my sore, it did rather increase, then cure the maladie, for company was a corrosiue, not a comfort: and to be solitary, the sinke of all sorrow: for then strange thoughts, vnacquainted passions, pinching fancies, waking visions, and slumbring watchings, disquieted my head. Me thought I saw the counterfait of Doralicia before mine eyes, then the harmony of her speech sounded in mine eares: her lookes, her gestures, yea, all her actions were particularly deciphered by a secret imagination. Wrapped thus in a labyrinth of endlesse fancies, when reason could not suppresse will, nor wisedome controll affection: I cast my cards, and found by manifest proofe, that the lunaticke fit which so distempered my braines, was that frantick passion which fooles and Poets call loue, which knowne, blaming my selfe of cowardise, that beautie should make me bend, I fel at last into these termes.

Why Arbasto, art thou so squemish that thou canst not see Wine, but thou must surfeit? canst thou not draw nye the fire and warme thée? but thou must with Satyrus kisse it and burne thée? art thou so little maister of thy affections, that if thou gaze on a picture, thou must with Pigmalion be passionate? canst thou not passe through Paphos, but thou must offer incense to Venus? dost thou thinke it inough to Cupid to looke, if thou dost not loue? Ah fond foole, knowe this, fire is to be vsed, but not to be handled: the Warren foure is to be worne in the hand, not chawed in the mouth: the precious stone Echites to be applyed outwardly, and not to be taken inwardly: and beautie is made to feed the eye, not to fetter the heart, wilt thou then swallow vp the bait which thou knowest to be bane? wilt thou hazard at that which cannot be had without harme? No, stretch not too farre, wade not too deepe, vse beautie, but serue it not, shake the tree, but taste not of the fruite, least thou finde it too hard to be digested. Why? but beautie is a God, and will be obeyed, loue loueth to command, not to be conquered: Iuno strone but once with Venus, and shee was banquished: Iupiter resisted Cupid, but he went by the worst: it is hard for thee with the Crabbe to swimme against the streame, or with the Salamander to striue against the fire, for in wrastling with a fresh wound, thou shalt but make the sore more dangerous. Yea but what foolenesse is this Arbasto to sooth thy selfe in thy folly? Thou didst come a Captaine, and wilt thou returne a captiue? thy intent was to conquer, not to be banquished, to fight with the Launce, not to be foild with loue, to vse thy speare, not thy

pen,

pen, to challenge Mars, not to dally with Venus. How dost thou thinke to subdue Fraunce, which canst not rule thine owne affections? Art thou able to quaile a kingdome, which canst not quell thine owne mind? no, it will be hard for thée to goe in triumph, which art not so much as Lord of thy selfe. But Arbasto, if thou wilt néds loue, vse it as a toy to passe away the time, which thou mayest take vp at thy lust, and lay downe at thine owne pleasure. Loue? why Arbasto, dost thou dreame, whom shouldest thou loue? Doralicia? what thy foe? one that wisheth thy mishap, and partly prayeth to the Gods, for thy mis-fortune? no sure thou art not so fond.

And with that, as I uttered these words, such thoughts, such sighes, such sobs, such teares assailed me, as I was stricken dumbe with the extremitie of these deadly passions, scarce being able to draw my breath for a good space, till at last recouering my senses, I fell to my former sorrow in this sort.

Yet alas Arbasto, it is the luckliesse loue of Doralicia, and therefore the more luckliesse because thou louest Doralicia, that hath thus inchaunted thy affections. Shée is not thy friend whom thou mayest hope to get, but thy foe, whom thou art sure not to gaine: for doest thou thinke shee will requite thy merit with meed, or repay thy loue with liking? no, shée hateth thee Arbasto, as sworne Pelorus foe, and her enemy. Can shée loue thee which seekest her fathers life? nay, did she loue, yet could she thinke thou doest like, which layest siege to her Citie? no, vnlesse by loue she were blinded with too much loue. Sith then to fancie thy foe, is with the Cockatrice to peck against the steele, subdue thy affections, be master of thy mind, vse Will as thy subiect, not as thy soueraigne, so mayest thou triumph and laugh at Cupid, saying: Fond boy I was in loue, what then.

I had no sooner sealed vp these secret meditations with a sorrowfull sigh, but least being solitary I should fall into farther dumps, I went out of my Tent to passe away the time with some pleasant parle, thinking this the fittest meanes to driue away idle fancies, hoping that hot loue would be sone cold, that the greatest bauin was but a blaze, and that the most violent flame was euer least permanent.

CHAP. III.

Arbasto in loue with *Doralicia*, and *Myrania* with *Arbasto*, haue opportunitie to discouer the same.

But if you would see, you must vnderstand how Loue and Fortune can play false when they list. I was not so drowned in desires towardes Doralicia, as poore Myrania burned with affection to-

wards me. For Venus willing to shew shee was a Woman, by her wilful contrarieties, so fiered her fancies with the forme of my feature, as the poore Lady was perplexed with a thousand sundry passions, one while she sought with hate to race out loue, but that was with the Deare to feed against the wind: another while shee deuised which way to obtayne her desire: but then alas shee heaped coales vpon her head, for shee saw no sparke of hope to procure so good hap. Driuen thus into sundry dumps, shee fell at last into these termes.

Alas Myrania (quoth shee) happy, yea, thrice happy are those maides which are borne in the Isle of Meroe, which in their virginity are suffered to see none but him whom they shal marry, and being wiues are forbidden by the law to see any man but their husband, vntill they be past fifty. In this Country Myrania, beauty is vsed as a naturall gift, not honoured as a supernaturall God, and they loue onely one, because loue cannot force them to like any other: so that they sowe their loue in ioy, and reape it in pleasure. Would God thou hadst beene borne in this soyle, or brought vp in the same sort, so shouldest thou haue triumphed ouer beautie as a slaue, which now leadeth thee as a seruile captiue.

O infortunate Myrania, hast thou so little force to withstand fancy, as at the first alarum thou must yeild to affection? canst thou not look with Salmacis, but thou must loue? canst thou not see with Smylax, but thou must sigh? canst not thou view Narcissus with Eccho, but thou must be vowed to his beauty? Learne, learne fond foole by others mishaps to be ware: for shee that loueth in hast, oft times, nay, alwaies repenteth at leisure. The Hippians anointing themselues with the fat of the fish Mugra, passe through most furious flames without any perill: the people called Psilij, as long as they sacrifice vnto Vesta, can bee hurt with no venomous Serpents. Telephus as hee wore the counterfait of Pallas shield, was inuulnerable, & thou as long as thy mind is fraught with the chast thoughts of Diana, canst neuer be fired with the hapless flames of Venus: arme thy selfe with reason, and thou maist passe through Cytheria without danger: let thy will and wit be directed with aduised counsell, & thou maist say: Cupid I defie thee.

Ah Myrania, things are soone promised, but not so quickly performed: it is easie to sound the victorie, but passing hard to obtaine the conquest: all can say, I would ouercome, but few or none returne with triumph. Beauty is therefore to be obeyed, because it is beauty, and loue to be feared of men, because honoured of the Gods. Dare reason abide the brunt, when beauty bids the battell? can wisedome win

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the field, when loue is Captayne? No, no, loue is without law, and therefore aboue all law, honoured in Heauen, feared in earth, & a very terror to the infernall Ghostes.

Vow then vnto that Myrania, whereunto lawlesse necessity doth bend, be not so fond, as with Xerxes to bind the Ocean sea in fetters: fight not with the Rascians against the wind: seeke not with them of Scyrus, to shoot against the starres: contend not with Niobe against Latona, nor striue not with Sapho against Venus, for loue being a Lord lokes to command by power, and to be obeyed by force.

Truth Myrania, but what then, to loue is easie, and perhaps good, but to like well is hard and a doubtfull chance: fancy thy fill (fond sole) so thou bend not thy affection to thy fathers foe: for to loue him who seekes his life, is to war against nature: Fortune. Is there none worthy to bee thy spheere but Arbasto, the cursed enemie of thy country: can none win thy good will, but the the bloody wretch, who seeketh to bréde thy Fathers bane? Can the Eagle & the bird Oliphage build in one tree: will the Falken and the Doue, conuet to sit on one pearch: will the Ape & the Beare be tide in one tedder: will the Fore & the lamb lye in one den: no, they want reason, & yet nature suffers them not to liue against nature, wilt thou then be so wilfull or witlesse, as hauing reason to guide nature, yet to be more vnnaturall then vnreasonable creatures: bee sure if thou fall in this, thou striuest against the Gods, and in striuing with them, looke for a most sharpe reuenge.

Tush I know this, but hath not loue set downe his sentence, & shall I appeale from his censure: shall I deny that which the destinies haue decréed? no, for though Cydippa rebelled for a time, yet shee was forst at last to make suit to Venus for a pardon, & I may seeke to hate Arbasto, but neuer find where to begin to mislike him. And with that, such fiery passions oppressed her, as shee was faine to send forth scalding sighes, somwhat to ease her enflamed fancy, which being sorrowfully sobbed forth, shee had begun afresh to poure forth her pittifull complaints, if her sister Doralicia, being accompanied with other gentlewomen, had not driuen her out of these dumps, whom shee no sooner spied, but leauing her passions, shee wared pleasant, couering care with conceits, and a mourning heart with a merry countenance, least her sorrowfull lokes, might giue the company occasion to coniecture somewhat was amisse. But I alas, which felt the furious flames of fancy to broyle incessantly within my brest, could not so cunningly dissemble my passions, but all my Peeres saw I was perplexed, for whereas before this sudden chaunce, Pelorus misfortune

vpon

procured my mirth, now the ſoyle which I reaped by affection driue me to deeper miſery. In the day I ſpent the time in ſolitarie dumps, in the night affected thoughts and viſions ſuffered me ſcarce to ſlumber: for alas there is no greater enemy to the mind, then in loue to liue without hope, which doubt was the ſum of my endleſſe ſorrow, that in ſeeing my ſelfe fettered, I could ſee no hope at all of my freedome: yet to mitigate my miſerie, I thought to walke from the Campe towards the Cittie, that I might at the leaſt feed my eye with the ſight of the place wherein the Miſtreſſe of my hart was harboured, taking with me onely for company a Duke of my Countrey called Egerio, vnto whom I durſt beſt commit my ſecret affaires, who noting my vnaccuſtomed paſſions, conteeting the cauſe of my care by the outward effects, coueting carefully to apply a ſalue to my ſore, and to driue me from ſuch drowſie thoughts, wakened mee from my dumps with this pleaſant deuice.

Sir (quoth hee) I haue often marueiled, and yet cannot ceaſe to muſe at the madneſſe of thoſe men, whome the common people thinke to honor with the glorious title of louers, who when raſhly they purchaſe their owne miſhap in placing their affections, whether their diſability, or the deſtinies deny ſucceſſe to their ſuites, doe either paſſe their dayes in endleſſe dolor, or prevent miſerie by vntimely death. If theſe paſſionate patients liſned a little to Venus allurements, as I to Cupids flatteries, few men ſhould haue cauſe to call the Gods vniuſt, or women cruell, for I thinke of loue as Mylciades the Athenian did, who was wont to ſay, that of all the plagues wherewith the gods did afflict mortall men, loue was the greateſt, in that they ſought that as an heauenly bliſſe, which at laſt they found their fatall bane.

Hearing Egerio thus cunningly and couertly to touch mee at the quicke, I thought to dally with him in this wiſe.

Why Egerio, doeſt thou count it a madneſſe to loue, or doeſt thou thinke him raſh which yeeldeth vnto affection? knoweſt thou not that loue is diuine, and therefore commandeth by power, and cannot bee reſiſted: I am not of that mind with Mylciades, that loue is a plague, but rather I thinke he is fauoured of the gods that is a happie louer.

Truth (quoth hee) but who is happy in loue? hee that hath the happieſt ſucceſſe? no, for I count him moſt happy which in loue is moſt happy.

Why then Egerio (quoth I) thou thinkeſt him vnhappy that beeloueth.

Or elſe may it pleaſe your highneſſe (quoth he) I ſhould thinke a-

miſſe:

misse: for shall I count him fortunate which for one dram of prosperitie, reapeth a whole pound of miserie? or shall I esteeme that louer happy, whose greatest gaine is but golden griefe? nay, that is neuer to be called pleasure which is sauced with payne, nor that good lucke whose guerdon is losse.

Sith Egerio (quoth I) thou doest thus broadly blaspheme against Cupid, tell me why thou thinkest ill of loue.

Because sir (quoth hee) it is loue, being such a frenzy which so infecteth the mind of men, as vnder the tast of Nectar, they are poysoned with the water of Stix, for as he which was charmed by Lara, sought still to heare his inchantment, or as the Déere after once hee brouseth on the Tamariske trée, wil not be driuen away till he dyeth: so our amorous louers haue their sencelesse senses so besotted with the power of this lasciuious God, that they count not themselues happy, but in their supposed vnhappinesse, being at most ease in disquiet, at greatest rest when they are most troubled, seeking contentation in miserie, and hunting greedily after that which alwaies bringeth end.

This is by your sentence Egerio (quoth I) but what reason haue you to confirme your sentence.

Such (quoth he) as your highnesse can neither dislike nor infringe: for the first step to loue is the losse of liberty, tying the mind to the will of her, who either too curious, little respecteth his suit, or too coy, smally regardeth his seruice, yet he is so blinded with a vale of fond affections, that he counteth her sullennesse sobernesse, her vaine charinesse, vertuous chastitie: if shée be wanton, he counteth her wittie, if too familiar, curteous: so besotted with the drugs of doting loue, that euery fault is vertue, and though euery string be out of tune, yet the musick cannot be foundamisse: resembling Tamantus the Painter, who shadow the worst pictures with the freshest colours.

The paines that Louers take for hunting after losse, if their mindes were not charmed with some secret inchantment, were able either to kéepe their fancies from being inflamed, or else to cole desire being already kindled: for the dayes are spent in thoughts, the nights in dreames, both in danger, either beguiling vs of that wee had, or promising vs that we haue not. The head fraught with fancies, fired with zeale, troubled with both: yea so many inconueniences waite vpon loue, as to reckon them all were infinite, & to taste but one of them intolerable, being alwaies begun with griefe, continued with sorrow, and ended with death: for it is a paine shadowed

with pleasure, and a ioy stuffed with misery: so that I conclude, that as none euer saw the Altars of Babylis with out sorrow, nor banqueted with Pholus without surfetting: so as impossible it is to deale with Cupid, and not incurre either speedy death, or endlesse danger.

As I was ready to reply to Egerios reasons, drawing to a small thicket of trees, which was hard adioyning to the City, I spied where some of the French Dames were friendly sitting about a cleare fountaine, of whom after I had taken a narow view, easily perceiued they were three Ladies (accompanied with one Page) namely Myrania, Doralicia, and their Nurse called Mademe Vecchia, which sudden sight so appalled my senses, as if I had beene appointed a new Iudge to the three goddesses in the valley of Ida: yet seeing before my eyes the mistresse of my thoughts, and the Saint vnto whom I did owe my deuotion, I began to take courage, thinking that by this fit opportunitie, Loue and Fortune would fauour my enterprise, willing therefore not to let slip so good an occasion, I boldly paced to them, whom I saluted in this sort:

Faire Ladies, the sight of your surpassing beauties so dazled mine eyes, as at the first I was in doubt, whether I should honour you as heauenly Nymphes, or salute you as earthly creatures: but as I was in this dumpe, I readily called to minde the figure of your diuine faces, which being at my comming to your fathers Court, by some secret influence most surely imprinted in my fancy, I haue hitherto, without any sparke of forgetfulnes perfectly retained (feeling euer since in my hart such strange passions) an vnaccustomed deuotion to your beautie and vertues, as I would thinke the Gods and Fortune did fauor mee, if either I might finde occasion to manifest my affection, or line to doe you seruice.

Doralicia hearing mee thus strangely to salute her, although she saw herselfe in the hands of her Fathers foe: yet nothing dismayed, with a coy countenance, she gaue mee this crabbish answere:

Sir (quoth she) if at the first loke ye toke vs for Nymphes, by the perfection of our diuine beautie, it seemeth vnto vs that either your women in Denmark are very foule, or your sight fore blemisht since your comming into France: for we know our imperfections far vnworthy of such dissembled praise. But Diomedes smiled most when he pretended greatest mischiefe: Scyron entertained his guests best, when he meant to intreat them worst: Lycaon feasted Iupiter when he sought to betray him: the Hiena euer iaunteth at her prey: the Syrens sing when they meane to enchaunt: Circes is most pleasant

when

when she presented poyson: and so you, in praysing our beautie, seeke to spoile our blood: in extolling our perfection, to make vs most imperfect, in wishing openly our weale, secretly to worke our death and destruction. For your seruice you offer vs, wee so much the more mislike it, for his sake that makes the proffer: for we are not so inueigled with loue, or so senceleſſe to conceiue, but that we thinke he little fauoureth the stems, that cutteth downe the old stock, he smally respecteth the twig that tendereth not the rest, & he lightly loueth the child, that deadly hateth the father. Polixena counted Achilles a flatterer, because he continued the siege against Troy, & Cressida forsoke Troylus because he warred against the Grecians, nor can wee count him our priuy friend, which is our open foe.

Why Madame (quoth I) did not Tarpeia fauor Tatius though a foe vnto Rome? did not Scylla respect Minos though he besieged Nisus?

Truth sir (quoth Myrania) but the gaines they got was perpetuall shame and endleſſe discredit, for the one was slaine by the Sabynes, the other reiected by Mynos. The yong Faunes cannot abide to looke on the Tyger: the Halciones are no sooner hatched but they hate the Eagle. Andromache would neuer trust the faire speeches of Pyrrhus, nor Dydo laugh when shee saw Hiarbas smile: where the partie is knowne to be a professed foe, there suspicions hate ensueth of course: and fond were that person that would thinke well of him, that proffereth poyson though in a golden pot.

Madame (quoth I) I know it is hard where mistrust is harboured to infer beliefe, or to procure credit where his truth is called in question: but I wish no better succeſſe to happen to my teſte, than in hart I doe imagine to you all, sweating by the gods that I doe honor your beauties and vertues so much, that if I had wonne the conqueſt, and you were my captiues, yet would I honour you as my soueraignes, and obey you as a louing subiect.

But I pray God, quoth Madame Vecchia, you haue neuer occasion to shew vs such fauor, nor we cause to stand to your curteſie: for I doubt we should find your glowing heat turned to a chilling cold, and your great promises to small performance.

In the meane time (and with that she toke Myrania and Doralicia by the hands) wee will leaue you to returne to the Campe, and wee will repaire to the Citie, willing to giue you thankes for your good will, when we find you a friend and not before.

Nay Madame (quoth I) not so, for confirme of my meaninge how you please, & accept of my company how you list, I will not bee so

discurteous to leaue you so slenderly guided, as in the gard of this little Page. And with that taking Doralicia by the hand, willing not to let slip so good opportunity, I began to Court her in this manner.

The choyse is hard Madam, where the party is compelled either by silence to die with griefe, or by vnfolding his mind, to liue with shame, yet so sweet is the desire of life, and so bitter the passion of loue, that I am inforced to preferre an vnseemely suite, before an vntimely death. Loth I am to speake, & in despaire I am to speed: For considering what loue is, I faint, and thinking how I am counted a foe, I feare. But sigh where loue commandeth, there it is folly to resist, so it is Madame, that intending to be victor, I become a vassall, comming to conquer, I am caught a Captiue, séeking to bring other into thrall, I haue lost mine owne liberty. Your heauenly beauty hath brought me into bondage, your exquisite perfection hath snared my freedome, your vertuous qualities haue subdued my mind, and onely your curtesie may free me from care, or your cruelty cresse me with calamitie. To recount the sorrowes I haue sustayned since I first was inueigled with thy beauty, or the seruice I haue vowed vnto thy vertue, since thou doest count by talke, though neuer so true, but meere toyes, were rather to breed in thee an admiration then a beleefe. But this I added for the time, which the end shall try for a truth, that so faithfull is my affection, and so loyall is my loue, that if thou take not pitty of my passions, either my life shall be too short, or my misery too long.

Doralicia hearing attentiuely my talke, oft times changed her colour, as one in great choller, being so inflamed with a melancholike kind of hate, as shee was not of a long time able to vtter one word, yet at last with a face full of fury, she burst forth into these despightfull termes.

Why Arbasto (quoth shée) art thou of late become franticke, or doest thou thinke me in a frenzy: hast thou beene bitten with the serpent Amphisbena which procureth madnesse, or dost thou suppose me fraught with some lunaticke fits, for thy speech makes me thinke, eyther thou art troubled with the one, or that thou counts me combred with the other: if this thy poysoned pearle were in-iest, it was too broad, weighing the cause; if earnest, too bad considering the person: for to talke of peace amidst the pikes, sheweth either a coward, or a counterfait: & to sue for loue by hate, either frenzy or folly. It is a mad Hare (Arbasto) that will be caught with a Taber, a greedy fish

that

that commeth to a bare hooke, a blind Goose that runneth to the Foxes sermon, & thee a loving foole that stoopeth to her enemies lure. No, no, think me not so fond, or at least hope not to find me so foolish, as with Phyne to fancy Cecrops, with Harpalice to like Archemorus, with Scilla to loue Mynos, with careleſſe Minions ſo farre to forget my honor, my honeſty, my parents, and my country, as to loue, nay not deadly to hate him which is a foe to the leaſt of theſe: for experience teacheth me, that the fairer the ſtone is in the Toades head, the more peſtilent is the poyſon in her bowels, the brighter the Serpents ſcales be, the more infections is her breath; and the talke of an enemy, the more it is ſeaſoned with delight, the more it ſauoureth of deſpight, ceaſe then to ſeeke for loue, where thou ſhalt find nothing but hate, for aſſure thy ſelfe, if thou didſt fancy as faithfully, as thou doeſt flatter falſly, yet the guerdon for thy loue ſhould bee onely this, that I will pray inceſſantly to ỳ Gods, in thy life to peſter thee with earthly torments, and after death to plague thee with hellish tortures.

Although theſe bitter blaſts of Doralicia, had bene a ſufficient cooling carde to quench fond affection, yet as the water cauſeth the ſea-coale to burne more freshly, ſo her deſpightfull termes farre more inflamed my deſire, that I made her this friendly reply.

Alas (Madam) weigh my cauſe with equity: if you hate me, as I am foe to Pelorus, yet fauour me as I am friend to Doralicia. If you loath mée as conquerer of your country, yet pittie me as I am a captiue to your beauty. If you vouchſafe not to liſten to the lure of your enemie, yet heare the paſſionate complaints of a perplexed louer, who leading others in triumph, yet himſelfe liueth in moſt hapleſſe ſeruitude.

If I haue done amiſſe Doralicia, I will make amends: If I haue committed a fault, I will both requite it, and recompence it: as I haue béene thy fathers foe, ſo I will be his faithfull friend, as I haue ſought his bane, I will procure his bliſſe: yea, I will goe againſt the hayre in all things, ſo I may pleaſe thee in any thing.

But as I was about to make a longer diſcourſe, ſhe cut me off in this wiſe.

In faith ſir (quoth ſhée) ſo well doe I like you, that you cannot more diſpleaſe me, then in ſeeking to pleaſe me: for I know no other cauſe to hate thee, yet this would ſuffice, that I cannot but diſlike thee: be therefore my fathers friend, or his foe, like him, or hate him, yet this aſſure thy ſelfe that I will neuer loue thee. And with that ſhe flung from me in a great chafe. Reply I could not, for by this

wee were come to the gates of the Cittie, where (though vnwilling) I tooke my leaue of them in this sort.

I am sorry Ladies that such is my lucke, I haue greatly offended you with my company: yet sith I cannot striue against chance, I thinke my selfe happy that Fortune hath honoured me with the fruition of your presence, hoping when time shall try my words, no tales but truth, you will at last make me amends with crying peccaui: in the meane while I commit you to the tuition of the Gods, praying Fortune rather to plague me with all mishap, then to crosse you with any mischiefe.

The thankes I had for this my friendly curtesie, was a coy disdainfull looke of Doralicia, and a churlish vale of the old trot Vecchia, but Myrania (as one stung with the pricke of fancy) bad me farewell, with a more curious gloze.

If sir (quoth he) the secret intent of your friendship, had bin agreeable to the outward maner of your curtesie: we had ere this yelded you great thankes for your company: but sith you greet vs with a Iudasse kisse, we thinke we haue small cause to gratifie you for your kindnesse: Notwithstanding, least you should accuse vs wholly of discourtesie, we say, we thanke you, whatsoeuer we thinke, and with that she cast on me such a looke, as shee seemed to play loth to depart.

CHAP. IIII.

Arbasto and *Myrania* with seuerall coniectures for loue, renewed their complaints.

They now returning to the Court, and retyring to the Campe, feeling my selfe deepely perplexed, yet as much as I could dissembled my passions, willing in loue not to be counted a louer, iesting therefore with Egerio, I thus began to draw him on.

How now Egerio, hath not the beauty of these faire Ladies, brought you from your fond heresie? will you not bee content for blaspheming Loue, in pennance to carry a burning Faggot before Cupid? me thought your eyes were gazing, whereseoeuer your heart was gadding: but tell me in good troth, is not Doralicia worthy to be loued?

Yes sir (quoth he) if shee were not Doralicia, for as shee is beautifull, shee is to be liked of all, but as shee is Pelorus daughter, not to be

desired

desired of Arbasto, least in seeking to gaine her loue, he get that which he least looked for.

Why Egerio, what ill lucke can ensue of loue, when I meane not to venture but vpon trust, nor to trust without tryall?

Such as happened to Achilles by Polexina, and yet he feared Priamus. But alas sir, I sigh to thinke, and I sorrow to see that reason should yeeld to affection, liberty to loue, freedome to fancy, that Venus should beare the terget, and Mars the distaffe: that Omphale should handle the club, and Hercules the spindle: that Alexander should crouch, and Campaspe be coy: that a warlike mind should yeeld to a little wandring beauty, and that a Prince whose prowesse could not be subdued, should by loue become subiect at the first shot.

What Egerio (quoth I) knowest thou not that he whom no mortall creature can controll, loue can command, that no dignity is able to resist Cupids dartes? Achilles was invulnerable, yet wounded by fancy: Hercules not to bee conquered of any, yet quickly vanquished by affection: Mars able to resist Iupiter, but not to withstand beauty. Loue is not onely kindled in the eye by desire, but ingraven in the mind by destiny, which neither reason can eschew, nor wisedome expell.

The more pitty (quoth hee) for poore men, and greater impiety in the Gods, that in giuing loue free liberty, they graunted him a lawlesse priuiledge. But sith Cupid will be obeyed, Arbasto is willing to be obedient, would God loue had either aymed amisse, or else had not made Doralicia the marke.

I not willing that Egerio should be priuie to my passions, told him that what I spoke was in iest, and that if euer I did fancy, I would vse loue as the Persians did the Sunne, who in the morning honour it as a God, and at noon tide curse it as a diuell. Concealing thus my care, the couered sparkes burst into great flames, that comming to my Tent, I was forst to staff my selfe vpon my bed, where I sobbed forth sorrowfully these words:

Alas Arbasto, how art thou perplexed, thou both liuest in ill hap, and louest without hope: thou burnest with desire, and are cooled with disdaine: thou art bidden to the feast by loue, and art beaten with the spit by beauty. But what then, dost thou count it care which thou sufferest for Doralicia, who shameth Venus for her hue, and staineth Diana for her chastitie? Yea but Arbasto, the more beauty shee hath, the more pride, & the more vertue the more pretisenesse. None must play at Mercuries pipe, but Orpheus: none rule Lucifer, but Phœ-

but none weares Venus in a tablet but Alexander, nor none inioy Doralicia, but such an one as farre excéedeth thee in person and parentage: thou seest she hath denide thy suite, disdayned thy service, lightly respected thy loue, and smally regarded thy liking, onely promising this, while she liues to be thy professed foe. And what then fond sole, wilt thou thinke for an Aprill shower? knowest thou not that a denial is a graunt, and gentle answer a flattering flout: that the more they seeme at the first to loath, the more they loue at the last. Is not Venus painted catching the ball with her hands, which shee séemeth to spurne with her feet? doth not the Pyrre trée being hewen, yeeld no sap, which not mooued powreth forth syrrop: and women being woed, deny that, which of themselues they most earnestly desire.

The stone Sandralta is not so hard, but being heate in the fire, it may be wrought: no Ivory so tough, but seasoned with Sturio, it may be ingrauen, no hauke so haggard, which in time may not be called to the lure: nor no woman so wilfull, which by some meanes may not be wonne. Hope the best then and be bold, for Loue and fortune careth not for cowards.

May tush Arbasto, what needest thou pine thus in haples passions or seeke for that with sorrow, which thou mayst obtaine with a small suite? raise vp thy siege, graunt but conditions of peace, shew but a friendly countenance to Pelorus, and hee neither will nor dare deny thee his daughter Doralicia. Doe this then Arbasto, nay I will doe it, and that with speed, for now I agree to Tully that it is good: *Iniquissimam pacem iustissimo bello anteponere.*

Well, being resolued vpon this poynt, I felt my mind disburthened of a thousand cares, wherewith before I was clogged, feeding my selfe with the hope of thy pleasure, which when I inioyed should recompence my former paine.

But alasse, poore Myrania could not feele one minute of such ease, for she vncessantly turned the stone with Syliphus, rolled on the wheele with Ixion, and filled the bottomlesse tubs with Belydes, in so much that when she could finde no meanes to mitigate her maladie, shee fell into these bitter complaints.

Ah Myrania, ah wretched wench Myrania, how art thou without reason, which sufferest reason to yeeld vnto appetite, wisedome vnto sensuall will, and a free mind vnto seruile loue? but I perceiue when the Iuie riseth, it wreatheth about the Elme: when the Hop groweth high, it hath need of a pole, and when virgins wax in yeares, they follow that which belongeth to their youth. Loue, loue, yea but they

loue

loue expecting some good hap, and I alas both loue and line without all hope, for Arbasto is my foe, and yet if he were my friend, he liketh not me, he loketh onely vpon Doralicia. With then Myrania thou art pinched, & hast none to pitty thy passions, dissemble thy loue, though it shorten thy life: for better it were to die with griefe, than line with shame The spunge is full of water, yet it is not seene. The leafe of the tree Alpina though it be wet, loketh alwayes dry, & a wise louer be she neuer so much tormented, behaueth her selfe as though she were not touched. Yea, but fire cannot bee hidden in the Flax without smoake, nor Maske in the bosome without smell, nor loue in the breast without suspition. Why then seeke some meanes to manifest thy loue to Arbasto: for as the stone Draconites can by no meanes be polished, vnlesse the Lapidarie burne it, so thy mind can by no medicine be cured, vnlesse Arbasto ease it: alas Arbasto swæt Arbasto. And with that shee fetcht such a groaning sigh, that one of her maides came into the chamber, who by her presence putting her from her passions, sate so long by, till tyred with drousie thoughts she fell into a slumber.

Fortune frowning thus vpon her, and fauning vpon mee, I set my foote on the fairest sands, although at last I found them most fickle, thinking I must needes tread the measures right, when Fortune piped the daunce, but though I threw at all, yet my chance was hard, for Pelorus trifling for truce, pretended treason: making a shew of feare, sought subtilly how to ouerthrow me by deceit, saying, in ruling of Empires there is required as great policie as prowesse, in gouerning an estate, close cruelty doth more good then open clemencie: for the obtayning of a Kingdome, aswell mischiefe, as mercy is to be praysed: that better hee were to commit an inconuenience in breaking his oath, then suffer a mischiefe by keeping his promise: setting downe the staffe therefore on this secure parlurie, thus it fell out.

CHAP. V.

Arbasto is traiterously surprised by *Pelorus*, and imprisoned in Orleance, with all his army defeated.

After two or three dayes were passed, accompanied onely with Egerio & a few of my guard, I went to Orleance, determining both to conclude a peace, and to demaund Doralicia in marriage: where no sooner arriued, and entred in at the gates of the City, but I found Pelorus and all his men in Armes, which sight so appalled

my sences, that I stood as one transformed, fearing that which presently I found true: for Pelorus having his forte inflamed with furious choller, commanded his Captaines to lay hold on me, and to carrie me to close prison, swearing that no lesse than the losse of life should mitigate his furie.

And raging in this choller, after he had lodged me up in Lymbo, he went with all his army to the Campe, where finding my souldiers secure, as men little doubting of such misfortune, he made such a monstrous and mercilesse slaughter, as of fifty thousand he left few alive, those which remained he plagued with all kind of slauery: returning home with his shamelesse triumph, he commanded that in the midst of the Citty there should bee made a great scaffold, whereupon within tenne dayes I should be executed: these heauie and hapelesse newes being come to mine eares, such sorrowfull passions perplexed my mind, as after flouds of brinish teares, I burst forth into these bitter termes;

O infortunate Arbasto (quoth I) art thou not worthy of this mishap, which wilfully sought thine owne miserie? canst thou accuse the Gods, which didst striue against the Gods? canst thou condemne Fortune, which hast warred against nature and Fortune? No, no, in suffering reason to yéeld vnto appetite, wisedome vnto will, and wit vnto affection, thou hast procured thine owne death, and thy souldiers destruction. Loue, yea, loue it is that hath procured thy losse, beauty that hath bread thy bane: fancy hath giuen thee the foyle, and thine owne witlesse wil hath wrought thy woe: the more is thy pain, and the lesse thou art to be pitied: was there none to like but Doralicia? none to chuse but thy foe? none to loue but thine enemie? O vile wretch fraught with careless folly.

And with that, as I was ready to exclaime against my cursed destinie, I heard the prison dore open, where I saw presently to enter, Myrania, Doralicia, and Madame Vecchia, who seeing me sit in such sorrowfull dumps, began to smile at my dolor, and to laugh at my mishap, which wilfully thrust my selfe into such miserie, thinking therefore to aggrauate my griefe by rubbing afresh my sore, Doralicia began to gall me on this sort.

Hearing Arbasto (quoth she) that you were come to prosecute your suite, playing the good Captaine, that for the first foyle giueth not ouer the field, I thought good to giue you a smiling looke, in recompence of your flattering loue, least if I should not be so courteous to so kinde a Gentleman, the world should account me ingratefull.

It is truth sister (quoth Myrania) it seemes hee is a passing amorous louer: but it is pittie he hath verie ill lucke: he chuseth his chaffer well, but yet is an vnskilfull chapman, for if he buy at such an vnreasonable rate, he is like to line by the losse.

Tush (Madame Vecchia) he playeth like the Dragon, who sucking blood out of the Elephant, killeth him, and with the same poysoneth herselfe: so Arbasto, seeking to betray others, is himselfe taken in the trap: a iust reward for so vniust dealing, and a fit reuenge for so wretchlesse an enemie.

And yet (quoth Doralicia) his purpose hath taken small place: for whatsoeuer his mind was, his malice hath wanted might, wherein he resembleth the Serpent Porphirius, who is full of poyson, but being toothlesse, hurteth none but himselfe. Surely whatsoeuer his chance be, hee hath made a very good choyse: for hee preferreth sweet loue before bitter death, and the hope of euerlasting fame, before the feare of momentarie misfortune: he shall now for his constancy be canonized in Denmarke for a Saint, and his subiects may boast and say, that Arbasto our King dyed for loue.

Egerio seeing that extremity of griefe would not suffer me to vtter one word, nor able any longer to abide these frumps, crost her with this choller like reply.

Gentlewoman (quoth he) although I so terme you, rather to shew mine owne curtesie, then to decipher your condition, it seemeth nurture hath taught you very few manners, or nature afforded very small modesty, y seeing one in distresse, you should laugh at his dolor, and where the party is crossed with mishap, you would with bitter taunts increase his miserie: if he be your foe, hee hath now the foyle, he is taken in the snare, his life hangeth in the ballance.

Though your father be without pitty, yet in that you are a woman, be not without pitty. Hate him if you please as hee is your enemy, but despise him not as he is Arbasto, a King, and your hapelesse louer: we are captiues, not to a worthy conquerour, but to a wretched captife: not vanquished by prowesse, but by periury, not by fight, but by falshood: whom our liues, to thy father losse, wonne continuall fame, and he by our deaths shall purchase perpetuall infamy.

Doralicia not willing to suffer him wade any further, cut him short in this manner.

Sir, if bragges could stand for payment, I am sure you would not die in any mans debt: but if your prowesse had bene as good as your prattle, you need not haue danced within so short a tedder: craun

Cocks crow loweſt, fearefull curs barke moſt, and a hartleſſe coward hath alwaies more tongue then a hauty Captaine. But I beare with you, for I doubt the feare of death and danger, hath driuen thy maſter into a cold palſie, and hath made thee either frantick or lunaticke, the one ſhewing his melancholly, the other bewraying thy choller, willing therefore as a friend you ſhould paſſe ouer your paſſions with more patience, we will leaue you as we found you, vnleſſe you meane to be ſhriuen, and then I will ſend you a ghoſtly father.

Our confeſſion good miſtriſſe (quoth Egerio) requires but a ſmall ſhrift: for we haue very little to ſay, but that Arbaſto repents that euer he loued ſuch a peruerſe minion, and I that euer truſted ſuch a periured traytor.

The Gentlewoman tooke this for a farewell, paſſing merily to the Palace, and leauing vs ſitting ſorrowfully in the priſon, bewayling our miſhap with teares, and exclayming againſt Fortune with bitter curſes, what our complaints were, it little auaileth to reheatſe: for it would but driue thee into dumpes, and redouble my dolor. Suffice this that we were ſo long tormented with care, that at laſt wee were paſt cure, counting this our greateſt calamity, that liuing, euery houre we looke to die.

But as thus we were drowned in diſtreſſe: ſo poore Myrania had her minde doubtfully perplexed. Nature claimed by due to haue the preheminence, and loue ſought by force to winne the ſupremacy. Nature brought in Pelorus aged haires to make the challenge, and Loue preſented Arbaſtoes ſweet face to be the Champion: toſſed thus with two contrarie tempeſts, at laſt ſhee began to pleade with her paſſions.

Ah thrice infortunate Myrania, what ſtrange fits be theſe that burne thee with heate, and yet thou ſhakeſt with cold: the body in a ſhiuering ſweat and in a flaming Ice, melting as ware, and yet as hard as the Adamant: is it loue? then would it were death for likelier it is thou ſhalt loſe thy life, then winne thy loue.

Ah hapleſſe Arbaſto, would to God thy vertues were leſſe then thy beauty, or my vertues greater then my affections: ſo ſhould I either quickly free my ſelfe from fancie, or be leſſe ſubiect vnto folly.

But alas, I feele in my mind three skirmiſches betweene reaſon and appetite, loue and wiſedome, danger and deſire, the one perſwading to hate Arbaſto as a foe, the other conſtraining to loue him as a friend: if I conſent to the firſt, I end my dayes with death, if to the laſt, I ſhall leade my life with infamy. What ſhall I then doe? Ah Myrania, either ſwallow the iuyce of Mandrake, which may cauſe thee in-

ſo

to a dead sleepe, or chew the hearbe Caryſium, which may cauſe thée to hate euery thing, ſo eyther ſhalt thou dye in thy ſlumber, or diſlike Arbaſto by thy potion.

Tuſh poore wench, what follies be theſe? wilt thou with the Wolfe barke at the Moone, or with the young Gryphons perke againſt the ſtarres? Deeſt thou thinke to quench fire with a ſword: or with affection to mortifie loue?

No, no, if thou be wiſe ſuffer not the graſſe to be eut from vnder thy feet, ſtrike while the yron is hotte, make thy market while the chaffer is to ſale.

Now Arbaſto is thine owne, now thou maiſt winne him by loue, and weare him by law: thou maiſt free him from miſery without thy Fathers miſhap: thou maieſt ſaue his life without thy Fathers loſſe; thou maieſt grant thy good will vnto loue, and yet not falſifie thy faith vnto nature.

Can Arbaſto which is ſo courteous, become ſo cruell, but he will requite thy loue with loyaltie, thy faithfull fancy, with vnfained affection?

No, no, he will and muſt loue thee of force, ſince thou haſt granted him his life of free will: he will like thee in thy youth, and honour thée in thine age: he wil be by the port of proſperity wherin thou maiſt reſt, and the hauen of happineſſe, wherein thou maiſt harbour without harme: ſo that thou maiſt ſay of him, as Andromache ſayd by Hector, *Tu Dominus, tu vir, tu mihi frater eris.*

Yea but Myrania, yet looke before thou leape, and learne by other mens harmes to beware, Ariadne loued Theſeus, freed from him the monſtrous Minotaure, taught him to paſſe the Laberinth, yea forſooke Parents and Country for his cauſe, and yet the guerdon hee gaue her for her good will, was to leaue her a deſolate wretch in a deſert wilderneſſe.

Medea and Iaſon from the danger of the Dragons, and yet ſhee found him trothleſſe: Phillis harbored Demophon, and Dydo, Eneas, yet both repayed their loue with hate.

Tuſh, the faireſt flower hath not the beſt ſent: the Lapidaries chuſe not the ſtone by the outward colour, but by the ſecret vertue: Paris was faire, yet falſe: Thieſtes was beautifull, but deceitfull, Vulcan was carued in white Iuory, yet a Smith.

The precious ſtone of Maſaulous ſepulcher, could not make the dead carcaſſe ſwet. Beautie Myrania is not alwaies accompanied with vertue, honeſty and conſtancy: but oft times fraught with

vice, and periurie. What then? if some were Traytors, shall Arbasto be trothlesse? if some were false, shall he be faithlesse? no, his beautie & vertue hath woon me: and he himselfe shall weare me: I will forsake Father, friends, and Country, for his cause: yea I will venture life and life to free him from danger, in despight of froward Fortune, and the destinies.

CHAP. VI.

Myrania in loue with *Arbasto*, contriueth his deliuery out of Prison by a secret policy.

MYrania being thus resolute in her opinion, began to cast beyond the Moone, and to frame a thousand deuices in her head to bring her purpose to passe, fearing euery shaddow, dubting euery wind, stumbling at the least straw, yet at the last pricked forward by fancy, she thought to preuent all cause of feare in this wise.

The euening before shee meant to atchieue her enterprise, she secretly sent for the Jaylor by one of her maids, to whom she durst commit her secret affaires, who being taught by her mistrisse to play her part cunningly, brought the Jaylor into Myranias chamber by a posterne gate, so that they were neither seene nor suspected of any: where he no sooner came, but hee was courteously entertayned of the young Lady, who fayning that she had to debate with him of weighty affaires, called him into her closet, where treading vpon a false boord, he fell vp to the shoulders, not being able to helpe himselfe, but that he there ended his life.

Myrania hauing desperately atchieued this deed, she straight sought not to rob him of his coyne, but to bereaue him of his keyes, which after shee had gotten, and conueyed his carcasse into a secret place, shee went in her night gowne, accompanied onely with her maid to the prison.

Arbasto & Egerio hearing the doores open at such an vnaccustomed houre, began straight to coniecture, that Pelorus sought to murther them secretly, least his owne people should accuse him of cruelty: but as they looked to haue seene the Jaylor, they spied Myrania in her night gowne: which sudden and vnlooked for sight so appalled their sences, as they were driuen into a maze, till Myrania wakened them from their dumps with this sugred harmony.

I perceiue Arbasto, that my presence doth make thee to muze, and [illegible] accusall hath driuen thee into a maze: what strange wind

should land me in this Coast. Intruth thou maist thinke either my message is great, or my modesty little, either that I take small care of myselfe, or repose very great trust in thee, who at a time vnfit for my calling, haue without any guard come to a stranger, a captiue, yea and my fathers fatall foe. I confesse it is a fault if I were not forst: but seeing that necessity hath no law, I thinke I haue the lesse broken the law. But to leaue off these needlesse preambles, where delay breeds no lesse danger then death: knowing this Arbasto, that since thy first arriuall at my fathers Court, my eyes haue beene so dazled with the beames of thy beauty, and my minde so snared with view of thy vertues, as thou onely art the man, whom in heart I loue and like: seeing thee therefore drowned heere by aduerse Fortune, in most hapelesse distresse, willing to manifest the loyaltie of my loue in effect, which I haue protested in words, I haue rather chosen to hazard both my life and honour, then not to offer thee peace, if thou wilt agree vnto the conditions. As my Father hath wrought thy woe, I will worke thy weale: as he hath sought thy bane, I will procure thy blisse: from penurie I will set thee in prosperity. I will free thee from prison, from danger, yea from death it selfe. I will in yelding to loue, dissent from nature, to leaue my Father, friends, and Country, and passe with thee into Denmarke. And to cut off speeches, which might seeme to sauour either of flattery, or deceit: as thou art the first vnto whom I haue vowed my loue, so thou shalt bee the last, requiring no meed for my merit, nor no other guerdon for my good will, but that thou wilt take me to be thy Wife, and in pledge of my troth, see heere the keyes, and all other things prouided for our speedy passage.

Myrania had no sooner vttred these words, but my mind was so rauished as I was driuen into an extasie for ioy, seeing that the terror of death was taken away with the hope of life, that from heauinesse, I should be restored to happinesse, and from most carefull miserie, to most secure felicity, I therefore framed her this answer.

Ah Myrania, the purest Emrald shineth brightest when it hath no spyle, and truth delighteth when it is apparelled worst. Flatter I will not, faithfull I must be, willed from the one by conscience, and driuen to the other by your curtesie, which by how much the lesse I haue merited it by desert, by so much the more I am bound to requite it by duty. To decipher in coloured discourses, and to paynt out with curious shaddowes how humbly I accept of your offer, & how greatly I thinke my selfe beholding to the Gods, for blessing me with such

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an happie chance, what my loyaltie and truth shall be, were but to prone that which your Ladyship, hoping of my constancy, hath not put in question. The guerdon you crane for your good will is such, that if your curtesie had not forbed mee to it by constraint, yet your beauties and bertues are so great, as fancy would haue compelled me by consent. Myrania, what thou canst with in a true and trusty Louer, I promise to performe, sweating vnto thee, that the flouds shall flow against the streames, the earth shall mount against his course, yea my carcasse shall be consumed vnto dust and ashes, before my mind shall be found disloyall, and to this I call the Gods to witnesse, of whom I desire no longer to liue, then I meane simply to loue.

Oh Arbasto (quoth she) would God I had neuer seene thee, or that I may find thy workes according to thy words, otherwise shall I haue cause to wish I had been more cruell, or lesse curteous. But loue will not let me doubt the worst, but bids mee hope the best: yet thus much I may say, when Iason was in danger, who more faithfull? when Theseus feared the Labyrinth, who more loyall? when Demophon suffered shipwracke, who more louing? but I will not say what I thinke Arbasto, because thou shalt not suspect I feare.

Madam (quoth Egerio) Arbasto is my soueraigne, and I both honour and feare him as a subiect, yet if hee should but once in heart thinke to be disloyall to Myrania, the Gods confound mee with all earthly plagues, if I would not of a trusty friend, become his mortall foe.

It is easie to perswade her Egerio (quoth she) who alreadie is most willing to beleeue, let vs leaue therefore these needlesse protestations, and goe to the purpose, delay breedes danger, time tarrieth for no man, speed in necessitie is the best spurre, let vs haste therefore till we get forth of Fraunce, least if we be prouented, it breed my mishap, and your fatall miserie.

Vpon this wee staied not, but shutting the prison close, got covertly out of the Citty, passing through France with many fearefull perils, which to rehearse, were either needlesse, or bootlesse: suffice this, wee at last happily arriued at Denmarke, where how I was welcomed home with triumphes, were too long to relate. But how Pelorus was perplexed, after he knew of our happy departure, though (God wot) most hapelesse vnto him, I referred to thy good consideration to coniecture. The old man fretted not so fast in his melancholy, but Doralicia chafed as much in her choller, blaspheming bitterly

ſterly both againſt me and her ſiſter Myrania: but as woꝛdes breake no bones, ſo we cared the leſſe foꝛ her ſcolding, fearing not the noyſe of the peece as long as we were without danger of the ſhot. Wel, leauing them to their dumps, to vs againe which ſloted in delight: fickle Foꝛtune hauing now hoyſed vs vp to the top of her inconſtant wheele, ſeeing how careleſſe I ſlumbꝛed in the cradle of ſecurity, thought to make me a bery myꝛrour of her mutability, foꝛ ſhée began a freſh to turne my typpet on this wiſe.

As daily I flattered Myrania, foꝛ fancy her I could not, pꝛomiſing with ſpeed to call a Parliament foꝛ the confiꝛmation of the mariage, I ſtill felt the ſtumps of the old loue I bare Doralicia, to ſticke in my ſtomacke, the moꝛe cloſely I couered the ſparkes, the moꝛe the flame burſt foꝛth, I found abſence to increaſe affection, not to decreaſe fancy: in the day my mind doted of her vertues, in the night I dꝛeamed of her beauty: yea, Cupid began to encounter me with ſo freſh canbizadoes, as by diſtance my diſtreſſe was farre moꝛe augmented: ſuch ſighes, ſuch ſobs, ſuch thoughts, ſuch paines and paſſions pearced me, as I felt the laſt aſſault woꝛſe then the foꝛmer battery. If I loued Doralicia in Fraunce, I now liked her thꝛice better being in Denmarke. If in pꝛeſence her perſon pleaſed me, now in abſence her perfection moꝛe contented me. To conclude, I ſwaꝛe to my ſelfe with a ſolemne ſigh. Doralicia was, is, and ſhall be the miſtreſſe of my heart in deſpight of the fꝛoward deſtenies: yet amazed at mine owne folly, I began thus to muſe with my ſelfe.

O ſwiſh Arbaſto, nay rather franticke fondling, haſt thou leſſe reaſon then vnreaſonable creatures? the Tyger fleeth the trayne, the Lyon eſcheweth the nets, the Deere auoydeth the coyles, becauſe they are taken with theſe inſtruments, and art thou ſo mad, as hauing eſcape pikes, wilfully to thꝛuſt thy ſelfe into perrill? The childe being burnt hateth the fire, but thou being an old foole, wilt with the woꝛme Naplitia no ſoner come out of the coales, but leap into the flame. But alas what then: I ſée the meaſure of loue is to haue no meane, and the end to be euerlaſting: that to loue is allotted to all, but to be happy in loue, incident to few: why, ſhall I be ſo mad to loue Doralicia, oꝛ ſo fraught with ingratefull pergery, as not to like Myrania? the one hath croſſed me with bitter gibes, the other courted mee with ſweet glaunces. Doralicia hath rewarded me with diſdaine, Myrania intreated me with deſire, the one hath ſaued my life, the other ſought my death. O Arbaſto thou ſeeſt the beſt, but I feare like to follow the woꝛſt. Alas I cannot but loue Doralicia, what then? what reſteth

for me to do, but to dye with patience, seeing I cannot live with pleasure: yea Arbasto, die, die, rather with a secret scaure, then an open scorne, for thou maist well live, but never shalt thou have good successe. And yet Lyons fawne when they are crawed: The most cruell Tygers stoop when they are tickled: and Women though never so obstinate, yeeld when they are courted. There is no Pearle so hard, but vinegar breaketh: no Diamond so stony, but blood moliffeth, no heart so stiffe, but love weakeneth: what though Doralicia sought thy death, perhaps now she repents, and will give thee life: though at the first she cast thee a stone, she will now throw thee an apple. Why then Arbasto assault her once againe with a fresh charge, seeke to get that by Letters, which thou could not gaine by talke, for one line is of more force to perswade, then a monthes parle, for in writting, thou maist so set downe thy passions, and her perfections, as shee shall have cause to thinke well of thee, and better of her selfe, but yet so warily, as it shall be hard for her to iudge whether thy love be more faithfull, or her beauty amiable.

CHAP. VII.

Arbasto strangely transported with *Doralicias* love, forgetteth *Myranias* kindnesse, and sendeth covertly to *Doralicia*, who againe denyeth him.

HAving thus determined with my selfe, though as covertly as I could to conceale my affaires, least either Myrania or Egerio should spie my halting, I privily sent an Ambassadour to Pelorus, to intreate for a contract betweene vs, and also to craue his daughter Doralicia in marriage, promising to send him Myrania safe upon this consent, and withall I framed a Letter to Doralicia to this effect.

Arbasto, to the fairest *Doralicia*, health.

SUch and so extreame are the passions of love (Doralicia) that the more they are quenched by disdayne, the greater flames is increased by desire, and the more they, galled with hate are the more they gape after love, like to the stone Tapozon, which being once kindled, burneth most vehemently in the water. I speake this (the greater is my griefe) by proofe and experience, for having my heart scorched with the beames of thy beauty, & my minde inflamed with thy singular vertue, neither can thy bitter lookes abate my love, nor

thy

thy extreme discourtesie diminish my affection. No Doralicia, I am no he that will leaue the swet Englantine because it prickes my finger and refuse the gold in the fire because it burnt my hand, for the minde of a faithfull louer, is neither to be daunted with despight, nor affrighted with danger: but as the Loadstone, what wind soeuer doth blowe, turneth alwayes to the North, so the loue of Arbasto is euermore bent to the beauty and vertue of Doralicia, whatsoeuer misfortune happeneth. Yea it fareth with me as with the herbe Basill, the which the more it is crushed, the sooner it springeth, or the pure spice, which the more it is pounded, the swéter it smelleth, or the Camomill, which the more it is troden with the feete, the more it flourisheth: so in these extremities, beaten downe to the ground with disdaine, yet my loue reacheth to the top of the house with hope. Sith then Doralicia, thy beauty hath made the sore, let thy bounty apply the salue, as thy vertue hath caused my maladie, so let thy mercy giue the medicine, repay not my constancy with cruelty, requite not my loue with hate, and my desire with despight, least thou procure my spéedy death, and thy endlesse infamy. Thus hoping thou wilt haue some remorse of my passions, I attend thy friendly sentence, and my fatall destenie.

Thine euer, though neuer thine, *Arbasto*.

AS soone as I had written my Letter, I dispatcht the messenger as spéedily and priuily as might be, who within the space of three weekes arriued at Orleance, where deliuering his Ambassage to Pelorus, and my Letter to Doralicia, he stayed for an answere the space of tenne dayes, in which time Pelorus consulting with his Councell, was very willing to grant me his daughter in marriage, but that by no meanes he could winne the good will of Doralicia: seeing therefore no perswasions could preuaile, he dispacht my messenger with denial, and Doralicia returned me this froward answer.

Doralicia to *Arbasto*.

WHere didst thou learne fond sole, that being forbidden to be bold, thou shouldest grow impudent? that willed to leaue off thy suite, yet thou shouldest be importunate? doest thou thinke with the Spaniell, by fawning when thou art beaten, to make thy foe, thy friend? no, let others deeme of thée what they list, I will count thée a

cur. Dost thou thinke I will be drawne by thy counterfait conceits, as the straw by the Iet, or as the gold by the minerall Chrisocolla? No, no, if thou seekest to obtayne fauour at my hands, thou dost striue to wring water out of the Pummice, & dost worke the meanes to increase thine owne shame and seuerity: for as by instinct of nature, there is a secret hate betweene the Vine and the Cabbish, betweene the Bore and the Goord, and betweene the yron and the Thea-mides, so in my minde I feele a secret grudge betweene Arbasto and Doralicia: cease then to gape for that thou shalt neuer get, and take this both for a warning and an answere: For if thou prosecute thy suite, thou dost but persecute thy selfe: seeing I am neither to be woed with thy passions whilest thou liuest, nor to repent me of my rigour when thou art dead. For I sweare, that I will neuer consent to loue him, whose sight (if I may say with modesty) is more bitter vnto mee then death. Short I am though sharpe, for I loue not to flatter, take this therefore for thy farewell, that I liue to hate thee.

Willing after death, if it could be,
thy foe, *Doralicia*.

After that the Messenger was returned to Denmarke, and that I had receiued and read the Letter, such sundry thoughts assailed me, that I became almost frantick: feare, despaire, griefe, hate, choller, wrath, desire of reuenge, and what not, so tormented my minde, that I fell to raging against the Gods, to raying at Doralicia, and to cursing of all woman kinde, conceiuing such an extreame hate against her, as before I loued her not so hartily, as now I loathed her hatefully, counting my selfe an vngrate wretch towards Myrania, & calling to mind her beauty and vertue, her bounty and courtesie, I fell more deepely in loue with her, then euer with Doralicia, so that I could not spare one glance from gazing vpon her person, nor draw my mind from musing on her perfection. But a sudden change, alas a sorrowfull chance.

Myrania perceiuing me soused in these sorrowfull dumps, began straight without asking any water, to coniecture my disease, and to shot at that which indeed she hit without any great ayme. But as loue is most suspitious, so shee began to doubt the worst, fearing that as yet the beautie of Doralicia was not blotted out of my minde, searching therefore narrowly what shee could either heare or learne of my secrets, at last she found out that which wrought her small mishap,

and my fatall misery. For by luckleſſe chance, leauing the doore of my cloſet open, Myrania thinking to find me at my Muſes, ſtumbled on the coppie of my Letter, which I ſent to Doralicia, & vpon the anſwere which I receiued from that truthleſſe Pinion, which after ſhee had read, perceiuing how trayterouſly I had requited her loue with hate, ſhée conueyed her ſelfe couertly into her Chamber, where after ſhe had almoſt dimmed her ſight with flouds of teares, and burſt her heart with blowing ſighes, ſhée fell into theſe complaints.

O infortunate Myrania, O hapleſſe Myrania, yea, O thrice accurſed Myrania, whom Fortune by ſpight ſeeketh to foyle, whom the deſtenies by fate are appoynted to plague, and whom the gods by iuſtice will and muſt moſt cruelly reuenge. Thou haſt beene a paricide to thy father, in ſeeking to deſtroy him by thy diſobedience: thou art a traitor to thy Countrey, in ſauing the enemy of the Common-wealth, and thou art a foe to nature, in louing diſloyall Arbaſto: and can the gods but plague thoſe monſtrous iniuries? No, no Myrania, thou haſt deſerued more miſhap then either Fortune can, or will affoord thee. Ah cruell and accurſed Arbaſto, I ſee now that it fareth with thee, as with the Panther, which hauing made one aſtoniſhed with his faire ſight, ſeeketh to deuoure him with bloody purſuite, & with more wench, as it doth with them that view the Baſiliske, whoſe eyes procure delight to the looker at the firſt glimpſe, but death at the ſecond glance. Alas, was there none to like but thy foe? none to loue but Arbaſto? none to fancy but a periured Dane? none to match with but a flattering mate. Now hath thy lawleſſe loue gained a luckleſſe end: now thou trieſt by experience, that the tree Alpina is ſmoth to bee touched, but bitter to be taſted: that the faireſt Serpent is moſt infectious, the fineſt colour ſooneſt ſtayned, the cleareſt glaſſe moſt brittle, and that louers, though they beare a delicate ſhew, yet they haue a deceitfull ſubſtance: that if they haue hony in their mouthes, yet they haue gall in their hearts: the more is the pittie, in thee to truſt without tryall, and the greater impiety for him to bee a traytor, being ſo well truſted.

Is this the curteſie of Denmarke towards friends, to intreat them ſo diſpightfully? is my good will not only reiected without cauſe, but alſo diſdained without colour? Alas, what ſhall I doe to this extreamity, being a forlorne wretch, in a forraine Country? which way ſhall I turne me, of whom ſhall I ſeeke remedy? Pelorus will reiect me, and why ſhould he not? Arbaſto hath reiected me, and why ſhould hee? the one I had offended with too much griefe, the other I haue ſerued

serued with two great good will: the one is lost with loue, the other with hate: Pelorus, because I cared not for him: Arbasto, because I cared for him, but alas too much. And with that shée fetcht such a sigh, as witnessed a heart payned with most intollerable passions, yea care and griefe so fiercely and freshly assaulted her, as shé fell into a feuer, refusing all sustenance, wishing and calling for nothing but death.

While shé thus pined away with griefe, I thought to search out her sore, but I could not perceiue the cause of her sorrow, onely I did coniecture this, that shé doubted my Nobles would not consent to our marriage: to rid her therefore of this care, I presently called a Parliament, where without any great controuersie it was concluded.

This newes being come to the eares of Myrania, it no whit decreased her dolor, but did rather far the more augment her distresse which made Egerio to muse, and draue me into a great maze: so that accompanied with my Nobles, I went to comfort her, and to carry her newes, that if shé could but come into the Chamber of her presence, she should there be crowned Queene. But alas, when I came and saw her so altred in one weeke, wasted to the hard bones, more like a ghost then a liuing creature, I began thus to comfort her.

Ah Myrania (quoth I) more loued of me then mine owne life, and more deare vnto me then my selfe, would God I might be plagued with al earthly diseases, so I might sée thée free from distresse: how can Arbasto be without sorrow to sée Myrania oppressed with sickneese? how can he but sinke in calamity, to see her but once touch with care? alas, vnfould vnto me thy sore, and I will apply the salue, make mee priuie to thy malady, and I wil procure a medicine: If want of wealth worke thy woe, thou hast the kingdome of Denmarke to dispose at thy pleasure: if absence from friends, thou hast such a friend of thy louing spouse Arbasto, as death it selfe shall neuer dissolue our loue.

I had no sooner vttered this word, but Myrania, as one possessed with some hellish fury, start vp in her bed, with staring lookes, and wrathfull countenance, seeming by her raging gestures to be in a frenzy: but being kept downe by her Ladies, shee roared out these hatefull cursed.

O vile wretches (quoth she) will you not suffer me in my life to reuenge my selfe on that periured traytor Arbasto, yet shall you not deny mee but after death my ghost shall torment him with gastly visions. O thrice accursed caitife, doest thou seeme to helpe mee with thy scabbard, and secretly hurt me with thy sword: doest thou offer mee hony openly, and priuily present mee with gall: doest thou say thou

will cure me with loue, when thou seekest to kill me with hate? haue I redeemed thée from mishap, and wilt thou requite me with misery? was I the meanes to saue thy life, and wilt thou without cause procure my death? haue I forsaken my Country, betrayed my Father, and yet wilt thou kill me with discurtesie? O hapelesse Myrania, could not Medeas mishap haue made thée beware? could not Ariadnes ill lucke haue taught thee to take héed? could not Phillis misfortune haue feared thee from the like folly: but thou must like and loue a straglíng stranger? Aye me that repentance should euer come so late: folly is soner remembred then redressed, and time may be repented but not recalled.

But I sée it is a practise in men to haue as little care of their owne oathes, as of their Ladies honors, imitating Iupiter, who neuer kept oath, he sware to Iuno, diddest thou not false Arbasto protest with solemne vowes, when thy life did hang in the ballence, that thy loue to Myrania should bee alwayes loyall, and hast thou not since sent and sued secretly, to wine the good will of Doralicia? diddest thou not sweare to take me to thy mate, and hast thou not since sought to contract with her a new match? thou diddest promise to be true vnto me, but hast proued trusty vnto her: what should I say, thou hast presented her with pleasante drinkes, and poysoned me with bitter potions the more is my penurie, and the greater is thy periurie. But vile wretch, doest thou thinke this thy villany shall be vnreuenged. No, no Egerio, I hope the Gods haue appointed thee to reuenge my iniuries, thou hast sworne it, and I feare not but thou will performe it. And that thou maist know I exclaime not without cause, sée here the Letters which haue passed betweene this false traytor and Doralicia.

The sight of these Letters so galled my guilty conscience, as I stood as one astonished, not knowing what to doe, excuse my selfe I could not, confirme my loue I durst not, yet at last the water standing in mine eyes, clasping her hand in mine, I was ready to craue pardon, if shée had not preuented me with these iniurious spæches.

Cleere thy selfe trayterous Arbasto thou canst not perswade mee thou shalt not, forgiue thee I will not, cease therefore to speake, for in none of these thou shalt speede. Egerio I saued thy life, then reuenge my death, and so content I die, yet onely discontent in this, that I cannot liue to hate Arbasto so long as I loued him.

And with that, turning vpon her left side, with a gasping sigh shee gaue vp the ghost: which sight drane me into such a desperate minde, that if Egerio and the rest had not holden mee, I had sent my soule with hers to the graue.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

After *Myranias* death, *Doralicia* relenteth, and ſendeth to *Arbaſto*, who then hated her as much as he loued her before.

AFter Myranias death, being carried by force to my bed, I lay for certaine dayes oppreſſed with ſuch ſorrow, as I had beene in a trance, curſing and accuſing my ſelfe of ingratitude, of periurie, and of moſt deſpightfull diſloyalty, I lay perplexed with inceſſant paſſions.

Well, this heauy and hapleſſe newes being noyſed in France, Pelorus taking the death of his daughter to heart, in ſhort time dyed, leauing Doralicia the onely inheritour of his kingdome.

But yet ſée how Fortune framed vp this tragedy, who meant to caſt Doralicia from moſt happy felicity, to moſt hapleſſe miſerie: for ſhée ſéeing that no ſiniſter chance could change my affection, that neyther the length of time, nor the diſtance of place, the ſpight of Fortune, the feare of death, nor her moſt cruell diſcourteſie, could diminiſh my loue: muſing I ſay, on this my inuiolable conſtancie, Cupid meaning to reuenge, ſéeing her now at diſcouert, drew home to the head, and ſtroke her ſo deepe at the heart, as in deſpight of Veſta ſhee vailed bonnet, and giuing ground, ſobbed forth ſecretly to her ſelfe theſe words: Alas I loue Arbaſto, and none but Arbaſto.

Venus ſeeing that her boy had ſo well plaid the man, began to triumph ouer Doralicia, who now was in her dumps, ſtriuing as yet betwéene loue and hate, till fancy ſet in her foot, and then ſhee yéelded vp the bulwarke in theſe peaceable termes.

Why how now Doralicia (quoth ſhe) doeſt thou dreame or dote? Is it folly or frenzy, melancholy or madneſſe, that driueth thee thus into dumps, and ſo ſtrange diſtreſſeth thee with dolor? what fond thoughts, what vnacquainted paſſions: what ſlumbring imaginations are theſe which perplexeth thee? doſt thou now ſeeke fire to ſpring out of the cold flint? heat to fry amidſt the chilling froſt? loue to come from hate, and deſire from diſdaine? doeſt thou feare as though thou hadſt beene drenched in the Riuer Iellus in Phrigia? which at the firſt breedeth ſorrow through extreame cold, but forthwith burneth the ſinewes through raging heate? the more (poore wench) is thy miſhappe, and the worſe is thy fortune: for loue (though neuer ſo ſweete) cannot yet be digeſted without a moſt ſharpe ſance: ſaring

like

like the gold that is neuer perfect till it hath paſt through the furnace.

Loue Doralicia, but whom doeſt thou loue, Arbaſto: what the man whom euen now thou diddeſt ſo deadly hate? haſt thou ſo little force ouer thy affections, as to fancy thy foe? No, no, fond fole, Arbaſto is thy friend, and one that honoureth thee as a Saint, & would ſerue thee as his ſoueraigne, that loueth and liketh thee as much as thou canſt deſire, but more then thou doeſt deſerue, who being bitterly croſſed with diſcourteſie, could neuer be touched of inconſtancy: but ſtill remaineth like to Ariſtotles Quadratus, which howſoeuer it is turned, alwaies ſtandeth ſtedfaſt. Thou canſt not then of conſcience Doralicia, but repay his loue with liking, and his firme fancy with mutuall affection: he is beautifull to pleaſe the eye, vertuous to content the mind: rich to maintayne thy honour, of birth to countervaile thy parentage, wiſe, curteous, and conſtant, and what wouldſt thou haue more?

Yea but alaſſe I haue reiected his ſeruice, and now hee will not reſpect my ſute: I haue deteſted him, and now he will deſpiſe mee: I haue requited his good will with cruelty, and hee will reuenge mee with contempt.

Better hadſt thou then conceale it with griefe, the reueale it to thine owne ſhame, for if thou ayme at the white and miſſe the marke, thou ſhalt bee pointed at of thoſe that hate thee, pitied of thoſe that loue thee, ſcorned at by him, and talked off by all: ſuffer rather then (poore Doralicia) death by ſilence, then deriſion by reuealing thy ſecrets, for death endeth all care, but deriſion breedeth endleſſe calamity.

Tuſh, doeſt thou thinke Arbaſto can ſo harden his heart, as to hate thee, ſo maſter his affections as to flie from fancy, that he will become ſo proud as to refuſe thy proffer? No, if thou ſendeſt him but one line, it will more charme him, than all Circes inchantments: if thou lendeſt but one friendly looke, it will be more eſteemed than life. Why, but Doralicia? and with that ſhe ſate ſtill as one in a trance, building caſtles in the ayre, hanging betweene feare and hope, truſt and deſpaire, doubt & aſſurance: to rid her ſelfe therefore from theſe dumps, ſhe tooke her Lute, whereupon ſhe plaies this ditty.

IN time we ſee the ſiluer drops
The craggie ſtones make ſoft:
The ſloweſt Snaile in time, we ſee,
Doth creepe and clime aloft.

With feeble puffes the tallest pine
In tract of time doth fall:
The hardest heart in time doth yeeld
To *Venus* luring call.

Where chilling frost alate did nip,
There flasheth now a fire:
Where deepe disdaine bred noysome hate,
There kindleth now desire.

Time causeth hope to haue his hap,
What care in time not cas'd?
In time I loath'd that now I loue,
In both content and pleas'd.

Doralicia hauing ended her ditty, layd downe her Lute, and betooke her to her former passions, wherein she had not long plodded, but shee determined to wright vnto mee with as much speed as might be, framing her Letter to this effect.

Doralicia to *Arbasto*, health.

WEighing with my selfe (Arbasto) that to be vniust, is to offer iniury to the Gods, and that without cause to be cruell, is against all conscience: I haue thought good to make amends for that which is amisse, and of a fained foe, to become thy faithfull friend: for since the recipt of thy Letters, calling to mind the perfection of thy body, and personnes of thy minde so snared with fancy, and fettered with affection, as the Idea of thy person hath pinched me with most hapelesse passions.

If I haue bene rechlesse of thy good will, I repent me, if truthlesse through cruell speeches, I recant them, as one louing now, that of late I loathed, and desiring that which euen now I despised, which as often as I call to mind, I cannot but blush to my selfe for shame, and fall out with my selfe for anger.

But the purest Diamond is to bee cut before it bee worne, the Frankinsence is to bee burnt before it be smelt, and louers are to bee tryed before they bee touched, least, shining like the Carbuncle, as

though

though they had fire, yet being toucht, they proue passing cold, for the minde by tryall once scowred of mistrust, becommeth more fit euer after to believe: so that Arbasto, as I haue pined thee with bitter pils, I will now pamper thée with swéet potions: as I haue galled thee with cruelty, I will heale thée with curtesie: yea, if thy goost nature can forget that which my ill tongue doth repent, or thy most constant kindnesse forgiue that my vnbridled fury did commit, I will counteruaile my former discurtesie with ensuing constancy, I will be as ready after to take an iniury, as I was to giue an offence, thou shalt finde my loue and duty such and so great, as either Doralicia can performe, or Arbasto desire. And thus committing my life and my liuing into your hands. I attend thine answer, and rest more thine then her owne.

Doralicia.

The Messenger by whom shée sent this message, making spéed to performe his Mistresse command, arriued within few dayes at Denmarke, where deliuering me the Letter, I was greatly amazed at the sight thereof, musing what the contents should be, at last vnripping the seales, I perceiued to what Saint Doralicia bent her deuotion, but the showre came too late when the grasse was withered: yet I stood for a time astonished, houering betwéene loue and hate. But at the last such loathsome misliking of her former discourtesie so incensed my mind, that to displease her, and to dispight Fortune, I returned her spéedily this hatefull answer.

To *Doralicia*, neither health nor good hap.

I Receiued thy Letter Doralicia, which no sooner I read with mine eye, but I threw into the fire with my hand, least by viewing them I should grow into great fuey, or by kéeping them shew thée any friendship. For we shunne the place of pestilence for feare of infection, the lookes of the Catharismes because of diseases: the eyes of the Cockatrice for feare of death: Cyrces drinkes are dreadfull charmes, and Syrens tunes doubting inchantments: should I not then eschew thy alluring baits, when thou hast galled mee with the hooke? yes I will, and must, least I be intrapped with thy subtiltie, or intangled with thy sorcerie. Truly Doralicia that once I loued thee I cannot deny, that now being free I should fall to such folly, I more then vtterly refuse, for as before I liked thee in constant hope, so now I loath

thée with hatefull contempt, comparing thy curſed nature to the herbe Baſill, which both ingendereth Serpents, and killeth them: ſo the ſhew of thy vertue inflamed mee with loue, but the triall of thy vanity hath quenched it with hate. Hate, yea, I more then hate thee, moſt cruell and ingratefull monſter, whoſe beautie I hope was giuen thee of the Gods, as well to procure thine owne miſery, as others miſhap, which if I might liue to ſee, as Infortunio did by Eriphila, I would thinke I did leade my hapleſſe life to a moſt happy end. Thus thou ſeeſt how I account of thy loue and accept of thy Letters, eſteeming the one filthy chaffer, and the other as forged charmes, and ſaying to thē both, that proffered ſeruice ſtincks. Waſt more wind I will not, to ſpend more time is moſt ill ſpent, therefore take this as a farewell, that if I heare of thy good hap, I liue diſpleaſed, if of thy miſfortune, content, if of thy death, moſt ſorrowfull, that the Gods did not giue thee many dayes, and much diſtreſſe: ſo wiſhing thée what ſpight either Fortune or the Fates can afford. Adiew.

Sworne thy foe till death,

Arbaſto.

CHAP. IX.

Doralicia hauing receiued *Arbaſtoes* vnkind anſwer, dieth of a frenzie: and *Arbaſto* is baniſhed his Kingdome.

DOralicia hauing reciued theſe Letters, and red the contents, was ſo impatient in her paſſions, that ſhé fell into a Frenzie, hauing nothing in her mouth but Arbaſto, Arbaſto, euer doubling this word with ſuch pittifull cryes & ſcriches, as would haue moued any but me to remorſe: ſhe continued not in this caſe long before ſhe dyed. But I alas leading a woefull life, was more cruelly croſſed by fortune, for Egerio conſpiring with the Peeres of my Realme, in ſhort time by ciuill warres diſpoſſeſſed me of my Crowne and Kingdome. Forced then to flye from mine owne Subiects: after ſome trauell I arriued at this place, where conſidering with my ſelf the fickle inconſtancy of vniuſt Fortune, I haue euer ſince liued content in this Cell to deſpight Fortune, one while ſorrowing for the miſhap of Myrania, and another while ioying at the miſerie of Doralicia: but alwayes ſmiling that by contemning fortune, I learne to lead her in triumph.

Thus thou haſt heard why in mine eſtate I paſſe my dayes content: reſt therefore ſatisfied, that thus I haue liued, and thus I meane to die.

FINIS.